
Title: a note

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Although you cannot see
me, I have not left you.
Although you cannot hear
me, I still exist. Although
you will forget me in
time, do not fear. I am
here even if you do not
remember, I am bound
here. I will watch over
this land forever.

The white robe calls, I
cannot deny or refuse it.
The robe and stave, the
infinite gyre of time. I
step into it knowingly. Do
not fear for me. I am
not afraid.

Do not stand at my
grave and weep,
I am not there; I do
not sleep.
I am a thousand
winds that blow,
I am the diamond
glints on snow,
I am the sunlight on
ripened grain,
I am the gentle
autumn rain.
When you awaken in
the morning's hush
I am the swift
uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in
circled flight.
I am the soft stars
that shine at night.
Do not stand at my
grave and cry,
I am not there; I
did not die.